

Frankenstein

By

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Mary Shelley's Frankenstein

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EXT. GRASS FIELD & WATERFALL - DUSSELDORF GERMANY 1929

(cont'd)

Once upon a time, there was a four year old little girl named Victoria. She seemingly had the perfect life. Her parents were very much so in love with one another.

WIDE: ROY PLAYING A FLUTE IN THE MEADOW  
She had an older brother Roy, whose wisdom gave her the intuition and inspiration to be one of the greatest of explorers to grace Germany.

CLOSE UP: VICTORIA DOING MATH HOMEWORK; BUT SHE IS EASILY DISTRACTED

She had such vaulting curiosity of nature, science, and math, but no academics held favor to her unparalleled relationship with the frogs in her nearby waterfall.

WIDE:

Every Sunday she would visit the waterfall by the stream, and sing with them, she humored their banter as...

CLOSE UP:

ROY  
French!

NARRATOR ( V.O. )  
She even promised one whom she named Siegfried, that if he was ever able to prove that he loved her; that she'd go back on her vow to never get married.

Frogs and toads begin singing.

NARRATOR ( V.O. )  
She knew Siegfried's voice by heart, it was the one that woke her up every morning at 6:00 AM for school.

CLOSE UP: VICTORIA HOLDING SIEGFRIED

(CONTINUED)

## VICTORIA

He sings of the sunrise on the east horizon, a cherub to the warmth in winter's gaze.

## NARRATOR ( V.O. )

It is a bewildering gift when a child could dream to carry a relative, let alone a friend.

CUT-TO

EXT. GRASS FIELD &amp; WATERFALL

CUT-IN: VICTORIA CODDLING SIEGFRIED SHE BROUGHT A TABLE OUT FOR A TEA PARTY

## VICTORIA

Hello Siegfried! Are you hungry?

Siegfried jumps from under his stone onto the green grass and lays beside Victoria, before laying in her hands. He begins to vibe in excitement for the jar of flies that Victoria has accumulated for him.

You know, if you're ever going to grow up and be a civilized gentleman, we really ought to do something proper about your nutrition. Plus, it really is not becoming of a gentleman to jump onto the table, even if it is for the purpose of breaking a fast.

Siegfried pays no mind as he slurps a few whips of his tongue at an unexpected fly or two.

What do you think the sun would do if he did not have to stay up there all day?

CLOSE UP: SIEGFRIED TRYING TO PONDER

## SIEGFRIED ( V.O. )

Shining, blowing off steam, creating algae, or bacteria. You know all of the subtle stuff.

## VICTORIA

Do you figure he'd still make time for us to just hang out and be with one another friend?

Siegfried could hardly entertain this philosophy, maybe it is his stomach thinking.

(CONTINUED)

I take it that there is something out there for all of us then. We may just need to let it find us. Nice talk partner!

Victoria kisses Siegfried right between the eyes and lightly guides him to his favorite rock, as he splashes into the water, she takes her table and leaves.

CUT-TO

INT. FRANKENSTEIN HOUSEHOLD

NARRATOR ( V.O. )  
The Frankenstein household is an unorthodox and beautiful home, spoiled with a garden to make the common Dusseldorf family envious.

WIDE: MARY FRANKENSTEIN PLAYING WITH BREAKFAST MAKING CONTRAPTION.

NARRATOR ( V.O. )  
Mrs. Mary Frankenstein was the ideal matron to all of Germany. She had raised her family with strong spiritual ideals, and they were proud of their Jewish faith.

The contraption cracks an egg without Mary lifting a finger.

NARRATOR ( V.O. )  
They could find humor in some of the complex scenarios.

CLOSE UP: JOSEPH PLAYING WITH THE WIRING IN THE KITCHEN

NARRATOR ( V.O. )  
Mr. Joseph Frankenstein was a native German electrician, whose prose for science matched that which was an ever evolving template of patents.

CUT-TO

## INT. FRANKENSTEIN LABORATORY

Joseph mixes the contents of one beaker with the contents of another beaker. A cloud of smoke rises and the liquid changes color.

JOSEPH

Hmm...

CUT-TO

## INT. FRANKENSTEIN HOUSEHOLD

NARRATOR ( V.O. )  
His curiosity had served him the wisdom of creating a more sustainable and luxurious standard of living for his household. Some of his most infamous inventions amongst the city were not limited to, but included.

CUT-TO

## INT. FRANKENSTEIN HOUSEHOLD KITCHEN

WIDE: CLOTHES ON A LINE WITH CLOTHESPINS ON MOTORIZED ASSEMBLY HEADING OUTSIDE.

NARRATOR ( V.O. )  
The levered clothesline,

CUT-TO

CLOSE UP: AN ELECTRONIC STAMPER BEING USED ON VEGETABLES  
the motorized tomato and grape press,

Joseph carefully piecing together letters for a newspaper.  
a homemade printing press for a monthly self-published newspaper.

CUT-TO

## EXT. FRANKENSTEIN SILO

Joseph breaks the fourth wall.

(CONTINUED)

JOSEPH

Plus a water filtration system,  
that helps recycle the run off from  
the household's waste through the  
garden. The household's electricity  
is generated by the local  
waterfall!

CUT-TO

INT. FRANKENSTEIN HOUSEHOLD - BREAKFAST

NARRATOR ( V.O. )

Some of the villagers rose to  
jealousy that this real estate on  
top of the hill could prove to be  
so vital, for it's ingenuity.  
Joseph Frankenstein however,  
offered to share the patent to  
ensure that his home could be  
emulated; without avail to the town  
municipality.

CUT-TO

INT. FRANKENSTEIN HOUSEHOLD - SCHOOLING SESSION

Mary breaks the fourth wall.

MARY

Schooling Victoria is frowned on by  
the town, but is essentially  
necessary to our family unit.  
Joseph has sworn to protect us.  
(Joseph is unaware that the  
wall was broken)

JOSEPH

Good morning princess!

Joseph hugs and kisses Victoria.

Three things you've learned this  
morning please.

VICTORIA

Frogs may need to intake water from  
their eyes as well as their skin,  
because kissing Siegfried may have  
dried him out. I am unsure how  
kissing toads may work.

(CONTINUED)

JOSEPH  
O.k. number two?

VICTORIA  
The Sun may or may not be a breathing star. I don't know if it heard me speaking to Siegfried or not, but I hoped it did.

JOSEPH  
All right. Number three?

VICTORIA  
Life is beautiful?

JOSEPH  
I'd have to say you cheated with that one, but I'll let you pass.

Joseph takes a tray with a pair of dead toads to the table.

VICTORIA  
Father! What the hell!

JOSEPH  
Be careful not to curse! Have some respect for their lives Victoria!  
Who are we to say or know what cause drove their lives? We simply are running an exercise solely for scientific purposes of course. Do you wish to wash your hands before we start?

VICTORIA  
Can't we just preserve them? How cold must it be to preserve their oils?

Victoria washes her hands and sits back down at the table.

JOSEPH  
Ten degrees Celsius. I am not sure though.

Victoria takes a piece of paper and writes it down.

MARY  
What we have here is the anatomy of the frog. You see, it operates a lot like a battery, with the arteries that flow from the head, to the left and right atrium of the

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MARY (cont'd)  
heart. Of course the oxygen helps fuel the body functions. The kidneys flush the toxins out, as do the bladder and rectum. So really, your third observation, that life is beautiful is profoundly astute. You can see that many of the functions we make, are similar to your friend Siegfried as well. Am I right? Or am I just way out in left field?

VICTORIA  
I think you're way out in left field, but I love you anyway.

They smile at one another.

JOSEPH  
Be a big girl and clean up your school supplies.

CUT-TO

INT. FRANKENSTEIN SILO

The family lays out by the silo on a picnic basket. They begin conversing about the events in their working day, and afternoon.

ROY  
Today old man Tully tried to debate the ethics of slaughter-houses. Trying to vouch that the manner through which you kill livestock determines the quality of taste for the consumer. I posed the question on whether the end justifies the means if he were to live and carry cruelty with him.

FREEZE FRAME: ROY IS STOPPED DURING HIS STORY

NARRATOR ( V.O. )  
Needless to say he will be staying late from school assisting the science lab, and helping with the agricultural supply as supplementary instruction for his lack of direction.

(CONTINUED)

ROY

I tried to tell them I could have plenty of fun getting lost on my own, but they did not believe me!

Roy winks at Victoria.

How was your day bug?

VICTORIA

I went through a dissection exercise today.

ROY

It's not that bad of a lesson, wait until you get to the birds and the bees. I have the perfect garbage pail for you.

MARY

Roy!

ROY

What did I say mom!

MARY

So when will we work on the garden together sweetheart? I wanted to show you how to plant perennials, It's very easy, but I figure that we can take a break from all the heavy stuff, and concentrate on some of the things that can help put you at ease. All the battles of utilities can be taxing. Sometimes you should fancy just being a little girl for some time.

VICTORIA

I'll make time for it soon mother, I promise. I just wanted to make sure I get a few more notches under my big girl belt before I try something new.

MARY

I'm just saying; it all moves pretty fast child, so we must make the most of it while we still can.

VICTORIA

Will do mother, We will do.

JOSEPH

So! How about SpVgg Greuther  
Fürth?!

ROY

I swear, if Bavaria became the  
Olympic capitol I could only expect  
good things happening!

VICTORIA

I know this is an extraneous  
question; but are those toads  
psychotropic?

CUT-TO

EXT. FRANKENSTEIN HOUSEHOLD - GARDEN AT NOON

Mary is tending her garden, she plants her fingers in the ground to pick some fresh strawberries. As she makes way to the vegetable portion of the garden, she begins to sense her daughter's inquisitive presence. Willing to seize the opportunity to make connection with her, she shares a ponderous question with her.

MARY

Do you figure that I speak with  
these vegetables the likes that you  
speak with Siegfried?

VICTORIA

You know about my frog friend?

MARY

What type of mother does not know  
about the gentleman that her  
daughter is entertaining?

They snicker with one another.

VICTORIA

I think that there is an energy we  
yield from acting, but I don't know  
if it means that we make things  
come to life, or that we preserve  
their own indigenous nature through  
action.

MARY

You know the Fibonacci spiral  
sequence correct?

(CONTINUED)

VICTORIA

Yes.

MARY

So one way or another we prove  
ourselves grateful even though it  
is abundantly difficult to contain  
nature.

VICTORIA

We do so, and I would hope to  
carry.

MARY

Really? You wish to carry nature?  
If that be the case! Please step  
right up and grab a basket!

Victoria had been bamboozled by the wit of her mother during the gardening chores, but she did not mind as her green thumb was so wonderfully orchestrated.

Strawberries are one of the few fruits that don't continue to ripen once they are picked. They are also one of the few fruits bold enough to carry their seeds on the outside. I wonder what it would be like to create a hybrid fruit with strawberries. Whereas the fruit can germinate in the ground when not completely eaten.

FREEZE FRAME: MARY LOOKS JOVIAL IN HER CHORE.

NARRATOR ( V.O. )

Then would it still be a strawberry? Are there repercussions when you have fields forever?

VICTORIA

So plants could cross blend?

MARY

Of course they can! It's a little tricky, I mean trickier than the birds, bees and flowers. I mean two is company. Some believe threes a crowd. It is all natural in the synthesis and in divine order. It's all there for us to figure out together. Maybe you could ask your father how we can do it. Maybe we can work on it together! Like a mother daughter project!

(CONTINUED)

VICTORIA

I would love that mother! I would  
love that!

CUT-TO

INT. SCHOOL CLASSROOM - AFTERNOON

NARRATOR ( V.O. )

During daily recessional, most  
children are free to be at whims or  
play with the outdoors, however Roy  
finds himself stranded inside the  
school-house.

Roy is writing on a chalk board.

He continues contemplating whether  
free thought is truly worth the  
incarceration that he had earned  
himself.

He re-arranges the laboratory, which has a set of cadavers  
preserved from heart attacks.

ROY

Professor Tully? Why would a study  
acquire such horrid reminders of  
death on parade in the name of  
science?

PROFESSOR TULLY

Well you see Roy, it is questions  
like these that have wound you up  
in detention. Are you sure that you  
wish to continue down this path?

ROY

Being that there are few if no  
other places to go from here, one  
would say that I am undoubtedly  
going only one direction.

PROFESSOR TULLY

Well since I am in the spirit.

Professor Tully takes a swig from a flask.  
I must profess it is merit that  
drives science so. I will  
faithfully oblige.

FREEZE FRAME: PROFESSOR TULLY IS MID SENTENCE.

(CONTINUED)

NARRATOR ( V.O. )

You see like chloroform serves it's purpose, you would find chlorophyll is a necessity unto the nature to breathe itself. While one is a tool by man to take breath away, one is a tool of nature to breathe life into organisms. Some would say that the purpose of mankind is to breathe life into one another.

ROY

If that be the case; why was I placed under detention for valuing life? Plus if someone is choking and I know how to help, I just watch, and donate the remains to science? How is that debt of a lost soul ever going to be repaid?

FREEZE FRAME: ROY IS IN DEEP THOUGHT

NARRATOR ( V.O. )

Or is it collateral damage that is held as evidence to further garnish innovation?

ROY

Is freedom not the denouncement of captivation? If voluntary, can that form of love be a priceless gift that we together breathe?

Roy ganders a stare at the human anatomy cadavers.

PROFESSOR TULLY

You are looking at this science as though it is pie in the sky. There is no radius in finding your center here. It is just numbers, angles, math, and chemistry. The biology serves no purpose other than that which is the blueprint to invent. If you fail to acknowledge these basics, you will lapse on all the power that life has to offer. In the case of our two subjects, they enjoyed too much of the tobacco and the liquor. So their time was up.

NARRATOR ( V.O. )

They were viewed as nothing more or nothing less?

(CONTINUED)

## PROFESSOR TULLY

We will examine the other parts and see if the other organs under these conditions may or may not be preserved, if not we will pass along the studies to another university, which will grant us aid to further investigate new subjects. I know it seems very uninteresting, but this is the closest we have got to finding the answers without simply living them for ourselves. Believe me, if we could just study one of these corpses in all three stages, embryo, life, and after-life, I'm sure your text book would have the answers. Unfortunately, I don't believe fiction or reality has all the answers either. But who is saying what your reality is?

## ROY

What are relatives then? Is it not the obligation of a child to learn from their parents and teachers? Is this cycle no less natural than the anatomy of studying all three stages of life?

## PROFESSOR

I don't say, I've experienced having kids of my own, but if there is one thing I have learned from tending to so many, it is that you can't teach them to have an obligation to anyone but themselves.

CUT-TO

EXT. GRASS FIELD &amp; WATERFALL - DUSSELDORF GERMANY 4:30PM

A young 4 year old boy HANS, AUREL a medical officer and his mother MILA, gander at the Frankenstein family.

CLOSE UP: THE 4 YEAR OLD BOY HANS SMILES AT VICTORIA.

Victoria is put off, the boy grabs his mother's hand and disappears behind her.

(CONTINUED)

VICTORIA  
Roy! Come here brother!

Roy walks to her.  
How was your incarceration?

ROY  
Interesting, I found myself  
debating the stages of existence.

VICTORIA  
How strange.

ROY  
Indeed.

VICTORIA  
You left that conversation  
unscathed?

ROY  
I'd rather say I left the  
conversation not knowing all the  
answers.

VICTORIA  
You must have figured something out  
huh?

ROY  
There are two cadavers in the  
school. Between the two of them,  
you could not tell everything about  
human anatomy, because no two  
humans are the same.

VICTORIA  
Who's to say? God?

ROY  
Sister, please. Doctors,  
professors, all play God non  
voluntarily. Has anyone past our  
parents restored our faith in a  
God?

They both laugh.

VICTORIA  
I don't believe so. It's funny you  
mention it.

Mary yells from the foot of the hill for suppertime.

MARY

Come on you two! Plenty of room for  
you at this at the table!

CUT-TO

INT. FRANKENSTEIN HOUSEHOLD - DINNER TIME

Joseph begins to set the table with cutlery while Roy sets the table up with the courses; Victoria looks onwards at the baked potatoes as though she could never eat another one of them again.

VICTORIA

One more potato, I'm moving to  
Ireland.

Roy snickers.

MARY

Victoria! Mind your manners!

JOSEPH

Potatoes hold some pretty amazing  
electrical properties pal. You  
would be honored to eat so well you  
spud.

Both Roy & Victoria together

ROY & VICTORIA

There are starving children in  
Ireland who would kill to eat the  
potatoes your mother fixes.

JOSEPH

I guess, I'm becoming predictable.

MARY

You're every bit as electric as the  
first day we met.

Joseph and Mary share a kiss. Roy fakes repulsion in his face and aims it towards his sister.

ROY

So I think I mauled my professor in a debate. I am all about the fair and ethical treatment of animals, starting with humans. Maybe my platform could hold some steam if not get me out of detention more quickly.

(CONTINUED)

JOSEPH

I would not count your lucky stars.

VICTORIA

Could we tonight?

MARY

If you finish your potatoes I'll give you both a story time outside. We won't count the stars but I will tell stories about some of them.

VICTORIA

Fair enough!

ROY

Why can't you do anything fun like mom? You're always fiddling about with education and science. You don't even put your hands in the dirt. Seriously dad! Man up!

Joseph smacks Roy with a spare rolled up newspaper.

JOSEPH

I rather like how that felt.

CUT-TO

EXT. FRANKENSTEIN SILO - 8:00PM

The children huddle around their mother. They are cloaked by the homemade fabrics sewn into quilts fashioned from their outgrown garments and stuffed with the softest of cotton. The stars shined so marvelously, whereas one would easily lose count. Mary spoke the tale of her favorite mythology from overseas.

MARY

In a very distant tense of the past, in a galaxy remotely close to ours, there was a Goddess named Gaia, who was a deity ruler. This was an especially unfortunate role for her to play in the world, for very seldom does a life form become knighted as A great mother and father of all creation. All of the heavenly Gods that most mortals would come to worship were descended through her graces. If not for her matrimony to Uranus  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MARY (cont'd)  
our sky, Pontus our sea, and  
Tartaros our underworld, there  
would be no flesh to ever fall in  
love with.

ROY

Why would she be so selfish to have  
two to four lovers, when one would  
do anyone good?

VICTORIA

Maybe because if you truly love  
someone or something you set it  
free, with faith that it may find  
you when you most need or deserve  
it to?

MARY

Both of you are very astute in your  
observations, but I fear we will  
never finish unless we continue on!  
Well where was I? Oh yes! She had  
decided to rebel against Uranus  
first, for her sons were imprisoned  
by him! Next she maneuvered to her  
other husband, the sea. She  
eventually found herself on the  
land outside of her mental womb!  
When her son Cronus defied her  
however, by following in the  
footsteps of his father Uranus, she  
had sided with Zeus in a not so  
civil war! Her legacy had created  
giants or Titans to fight Zeus  
himself incarcerated his very  
brothers and sisters. So do you  
find any moral of the mythology?

ROY

Be sure to limit the amount of love  
you put out into the sky?

VICTORIA

It's better to do right unto  
yourself, when there is no  
direction that can give you  
liberty?

MARY

Bless your souls children. It's  
time for your giant hearts to seek  
slumber. Maybe if you rest upon

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MARY (cont'd)  
this tale you may find new  
revelations all over again.

ROY  
Stories don't change do they  
though?

MARY  
It all depends on the heart who is  
on the side of it dear son. Without  
an empathetic heart, I fear for  
what creation or abomination is on  
the other side. Be sure to say a  
prayer for all whom you love  
tonight; I will too. I fear  
creation stories are always the  
most horrific, and women often  
times must unfairly play the part  
of the monsters.

ROY  
Why pray when we have science, math  
and law?

Both Victoria and Mary look at Roy.  
I'm just playing devil's advocate.  
Tully told me something like that.

VICTORIA  
It's hard to believe you kiss your  
mother with that mouth.

MARY  
Alright, I see we've gone far  
enough out here. Time to get back  
to reality.

Both Victoria and Roy sigh and groan in disappointment. They gather their blankets and tea. They follow marching orders back inside. Mary cleans up the remnants of the camp, but not before peaking her eyes at the stars, and remembering the first kiss her eyes had with them.

CUT-TO

INT. SCHOOL CLASSROOM - AFTERNOON

WIDE: ROY IS FEVERISHLY BEING RECRUITED BY THE THIRD REICH WHILE IN CLASS.

Roy felt compelled to hide the pride that is his Jewish ancestry to protect his relatives on all sides of the war.

(CONTINUED)

CUT-TO

INT. FRANKENSTEIN LABORATORY

Joseph is showing Victoria the differences between the toads and the Siegfried's first round of tadpoles.

NARRATOR ( V.O. )

While his father spends the majority of his time enhancing the education of his teenage daughter in isolation and seclusion.

CUT-TO

EXT. SCHOOL COURTYARD

NARRATOR ( V.O. )

Roy begins to walk home.

CUT-TO

EXT. BIKE TRAIL GRASS FIELD & WATERFALL - DUSSELDORF GERMANY  
1938

NARRATOR ( V.O. )

Joseph has moved the classroom through request of Mary to the outdoors to ensure that Victoria would be able to survive the elements like Gaia from the mythology of old.

Winded while riding bikes, they engage in conversation.

JOSEPH

You must be fervent in your lessons, I assure you they are designed to help you dear child. If knowledge is power, I assure you that this household would always be a product of your name.

VICTORIA

I don't know why I can't just play with the frogs. I miss Siegfried, why is Germany so malicious now anyway?

(CONTINUED)

JOSEPH

There is a world out there that the military is overlooking, an esoteric world.

Victoria reads the look of urgency on Joseph's face, and takes better inventory of the scenario.

So, today's lesson is about the replication properties of reptilian D.N.A. that your friend Siegfried is able to use to regenerate limbs. If he were to have slime like toads or even hallucinogenic like qualities in his skin secretions. It may be a worthy experiment.

VICTORIA

In helping human consciousness process stages of existence?

JOSEPH

You're too young to try for yourself but yes.

VICTORIA

I'm too young for what, tadpoles?

JOSEPH

In the process, the frog changes from one environment to another, and uses it's natural evolution to do so. If you were able to capture some of it's genetic sample, and test the differences in between the stages, it more or less shows the streamline of a tadpole's metamorphosis.

VICTORIA

I'm just curious; why do we spend so much time speaking about reptiles? Also about life, and death? Couldn't we concentrate more on the literature, or art, or music?

JOSEPH

I'm preparing you for the world that is ruled by mankind; an uncivil beast that generates war unto itself simply for recreation.

CUT-TO

EXT. FRANKENSTEIN HOUSEHOLD - KITCHEN

They both park their bikes and find Roy and Mary by the motorized clothesline.

ROY

Hi sister. School was atrocious.  
Thanks for asking. You'd be better  
off playing with Siegfried. Today  
was the regeneration lecture right?

JOSEPH

Yes.

ROY

Nice! I loved that one. It was  
always my favorite.

CUT-TO

INT. FRANKENSTEIN HOUSEHOLD - DINNER TIME - 1939

Mary has the radio on, it announces Germany's invasion of Poland. It off-sets the family. The family tries to muster together all their ideas as to how to keep the unit alive.

MARY

I may need to leave you Roy.

Tears flow from her eyes softly.

Joseph, you should keep educating,  
you're a natural. Maybe if you  
built that observatory next to the  
laboratory I had always dreamed of,  
I may be able to find my way back  
and visit.

VICTORIA

Why are we speaking like this! Stop  
it!

JOSEPH

Sweet heart, we must protect  
ourselves.

ROY

Mom! You're speaking about me as  
though I'm dead already! As though  
I should just walk on down into  
town and sign myself up! Is that  
what you want?

(CONTINUED)

MARY

It's not what I want, it's what they expect of you! This nationalist pride has no respect for the spirit you were raised with! We must acknowledge this front on the war or we'll all be lost!

JOSEPH

Son do you not trust what we say?

VICTORIA

Why trust what you say when all that we have trusted in thus far has led us to this war ridden, God forsaken blemish of a fight!

MARY

We were born fighters. Please remember what you're fighting for.

VICTORIA

If I was to walk in your footsteps, I'd just follow orders! Is that what you want?

Victoria runs away from the table in disgust, and storms outside.

JOSEPH

Victoria! Come back!

Roy follows suit to console her.

CUT-TO

EXT. FRANKENSTEIN HOUSEHOLD - GARDEN

ROY

You know there are no real answers to all of this, we must figure it out as we go along.

VICTORIA

There is a purpose behind everything, it's a science.

ROY

You can't put definitions to things you don't understand though. That would defeat the purpose of learning or living it out.

(CONTINUED)

VICTORIA

Well why are these people living out a nightmare for us? Why are we so invasive as a nation, or as humans for that matter? What pride does humanity even have, if not for destruction and disorder?

ROY

Pride for chaos, creativity, growth, and liberation, which at times requires a new slate of things to foster room for budding imagination I figure. The way I have it figured we're all fit to be engaged to something that we fear upon repetition. It's like a marriage to our worst demons, under the guise of our guardian angels.

VICTORIA

There is no stopping the war though, the constant birth of nations at odds with the ideology of how to break even if not win over their captives' consent. I don't know where our family's coalition lies! Are we Jewish first? German primarily? Scientists or agricultural independents? Where is the line?

ROY

I can't answer where your heart lies. I just know that my heart is always with mom, dad, and you. Everything else in this life is just a bonus.

CUT-TO

EXT. TOWN SQUARE - 1939

There are kids lining up in the University classrooms. Two NAZIS forcefully pick up Roy and escort him out of the classroom.

CUT-TO

## EXT. FRANKENSTEIN HOUSEHOLD - GARDEN

Multiple Nazis start scouring the property in search for Joseph. Mary is hidden underneath the floor boards. When they locate Joseph he waves them away suggesting she was last seen months before. Victoria tends the garden with anger in her strokes, she is overwhelmed with disappointment. Siegfried jumps out from the stoop through which he was hiding.

CUT-TO

## EXT. TOWN SQUARE - 1939

Aurel and his son Hans haggle recruits.

TIME-LAPSE

CUT-TO

## INT. FRANKENSTEIN HOUSEHOLD - VICTORIA'S ROOM - 1945

NARRATOR ( V.O. )

It had been six years since Mary had been home. They are lost without her.

CUT-TO

## INT. FRANKENSTEIN HOUSEHOLD - ROY'S ROOM - 1945

Roy staring at a shameful Nazi uniform.

NARRATOR ( V.O. )

So long to the Germanic dream of nuclear relativity to all creeds.

CUT-TO

## INT. FRANKENSTEIN OBSERVATORY

Joseph is recording data from Siegfried in his newly built observatory. He tastes slime from the toads he stored in a vile.

NARRATOR ( V.O. )

The only addition being an observatory tower that was added by the paranoid nature of Joseph. He

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

NARRATOR ( V.O. ) (cont'd)  
sought to see the village from the  
hill as they posed to lay  
inquisition of his household.

CUT-TO

## INT. VICTORIA'S ROOM

NARRATOR ( V.O. )  
Victoria feared there was no good  
energies from that tower, and in an  
attempt to shield herself, had  
stayed horridly detached from  
whatever experiments or meditations  
her father laid eyes on up there.  
In the meantime, she guarded her  
curiosities with literature and  
music.

CUT-TO

## EXT. BIKE TRAIL

Roy walking into town.

NARRATOR ( V.O. )  
Contact with Roy had been  
particularly tricky, whereas his  
last letter served as a tearful cry  
of agony for his departure into the  
armed services. It was as though  
the tone and color in his writing  
had left him. The joy that was once  
the very mark of his persona had  
been stripped from his identity.  
All he could do was log the date,  
place and the sequential events.

CUT-TO

## INT. VICTORIA'S ROOM

NARRATOR ( V.O. )  
It is with these sentiments that  
Victoria's room had been posted  
with newspaper articles of  
invasions, and anti-fascist  
clippings. All articles were  
specialized in the color templates  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

NARRATOR ( V.O. ) (cont'd)  
of red, white, and black. She held  
greater account of her precious  
metals, which she held in a shoe  
box under her bed, as well as two  
silver prongs, that she had stolen  
from a Nazi vehicle two years  
earlier while rummaging the town.

CUT-TO

EXT. BIKE TRAIL

Victoria is riding her bike Hans is riding a bike with  
ADALBERT and his mother Mila.

NARRATOR ( V.O. )  
Adalbert was a peculiar sort, he  
spent time with Aurel's wife, and  
was never phased or intimidated.

Adalbert yells at Victoria to Hans' disgust.

MAN  
Here sexy, sexy sexy!

CUT-TO

INT. VICTORIA'S ROOM

NARRATOR ( V.O. )  
The only thing that seemed to  
propel her very livelihood in this  
state was the status that her  
family had brought to the town. The  
days were lonely, and spent with  
pensive digression from what was  
once compulsory. As the time drew  
by, her anxiety began to raise  
itself assuredly.

VICTORIA ( V.O. )  
I'm alone in this dreary world.

Victoria throws out the dead roses on her counter.  
Bound by the lifeless and loveless  
creators. Scorned by decay, and  
death. Albeit I am a celestial  
beauty. I breathe life into nature  
like chlorophyll.

CUT-TO

EXT. BIKE TRAIL ON GRASS FIELD & WATERFALL - DUSSELDORF  
GERMANY - 1945

VICTORIA ( V.O. )  
A browned petal? Not suitable? I  
sense foul play. My abilities will  
be seen.

CUT-TO

INT. VICTORIA'S ROOM

Victoria peeks through her valuables box. She notices the silver prongs. She decides to bring them to the observatory.

VICTORIA ( V.O. )  
Without representation by seams of taxation. The absence of heart is not the trigger of mind, but of matter.

CUT-TO

INT. OBSERVATORY TOWER

Siegfried jumps into Victoria's hands.

VICTORIA ( V.O. )  
Gravity holds no bounds by Sir.  
Isaac. If the color in these plant and animal forms hold weight, then by Siegfried the cold-blooded, I believe life is eternal.

FREEZE FRAME: VICTORIA CRADLING SIEGFRIED THE PRONGS ARE IN SIGHT.

VICTORIA ( V.O. )  
A path that loses transparency like glass in diluted light, fragments of prisms and mirrored colors of limited perception, or desire. What does love think of choice? I choose not to love any of this, rather I am lost in my betrothal to nature, and burst through it's infinite thorns. The pricks are the experiences through which I may never have true pain. The dew liquidizes the torments through which time tells me I am present

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

VICTORIA ( V.O. ) (cont'd)  
and early. How is one to breathe  
new existence on this wheel of  
duality? Where black and white  
photographs hold the negatives,  
while my iris holds the keys to the  
positives? While people lost the  
very capacity to breathe the air  
they deserve, or the eye to wince  
at the sun that fuels us, or howl  
at the moon that pulls us? If I  
surely am alone in these inquiries  
albeit this is a sad state for  
science. Oh to shatter any signs of  
color and vision for the world to  
dream! A precise hand is only as  
applicable as the imagination that  
inspires it. I am endowed by my  
creator. Am I am under persecution  
for being the triumvirate! This  
bitter tongue of mine is not  
forked, or lisped, or valued past  
the breast or pull of a corset,  
rather by the restriction and  
tunnel that may be light. I herald  
myself in good company, and only  
allow myself the procedure of  
learning. If lighting may strike me  
in an unfortunate event, I shall  
make electricity. As the woman  
unknowingly split from God; to  
prove once and for all that life is  
a movement that will never be  
ceased by the most ambitious of  
primitive man.

CUT-TO

INT. OBSERVATORY TOWER

JOSEPH ( V.O. )  
What are little girls made of?

Joseph turns off what appears to be makeshift Tesla coils.  
He then drinks from a wine jug.

CUT-TO

EXT. AUDITORIUM UNIVERSITY

Aurel and his mother Mila are celebrating Hans' commencement as a veterinarian.

JOSEPH ( V.O. )

It seems that they can hardly stay limited to sugar and spice, they need far more tenacity and malleability.

CUT-TO

INT. OPERATION TABLE

Hans begins operating on a German Shepherd much to the bewilderment of Mila and Aurel.

JOSEPH ( V.O. )

I once thought that empathy would win over the battle of sword; but wizard's chivalry was chosen, and witches direction is lost.

CUT-TO

INT. RESTAURANT FRANCE

Mary is cleaning dishes off of tables.

JOSEPH ( V.O. )

Is it with these truths to be self-evident that we seek opportunities for pride or prejudice?

CUT-TO

EXT. TRAINING CAMP

Roy is running drills; the rosiness in his demeanor completely crushed.

JOSEPH ( V.O. )

Or do we paint masquerades in the keys of skeletons, closeted marrow, and secret societies? Are we poised to be called civilizations?

CUT-TO

INT. VICTORIA'S ROOM

Victoria is reading a book on Nikolai Tesla.

JOSEPH ( V.O. )  
For which nation holds the birth of  
the immaculate reception God speaks  
of?

CUT-TO

EXT. FRANKENSTEIN HOUSEHOLD GARDEN

Aurel, Hans, and Mila, begin to walk to view the observatory. They make headway to the tower. They knock on the entrance. Joseph hides blueprints for a secret project he has in an old flower vase. His surveillance leads him to then quickly open the door. He is prepared for their arrival from the stairs.

CUT-TO

INT. OBSERVATORY TOWER

Joseph is sneaking around; he was expecting a visit from Mary, but upon hearing knocking, he looks through an eye hole and realizes he is being visited by German soldiers.

AUREL  
Good afternoon Dr. Frankenstein,  
how does life keep you? Well I  
suppose?

JOSEPH  
All right officers; How may I serve  
you.

HANS  
How is your governess?

Aurel nudges Hans.

AUREL  
We have been given word that the science department is still open to your candidacy. There also may be some clemency available to you regarding your wife. That is if you are able to pick up correspondence with her. As for your son, he could use your help. I should know.

(CONTINUED)

JOSEPH

As well as you could imagine, my loyalty is with family and country. Unfortunately she has left, so I am uncertain as to what is familiar these days. It is due to my mental instability that I find myself ineligible to be of service at this given point or time.

HANS

If I could steal a few minutes with you and your daughter later this week Joseph, I am seeking an escort to my University Graduation. There will be some highly influential people there, I would take it as an honor to invite or ask her consent to accompany me.

JOSEPH

What makes you think she would be safe with the likes of you? You appear scrawny and you are pestilent.

AUREL

I'll just accredit your last comment to your hysteria, or mental illness. I hope you are aware that this correspondence will be on your file.

Joseph speaks with sarcasm.

JOSEPH

Naturally, it is what it is. I'm sure you are obliged to keep us safe.

Aurel passes a forced smile, while Hans examines the room.

AUREL

It's just a crying shame that you didn't enlist yourself Dr. Frankenstein. A man with your expertise would in most regular cases be giving me orders.

JOSEPH

What does that say of the situation we're in?

(CONTINUED)

AUREL

It all depends on what you make of it.

JOSEPH

All I can say is I'm not perfect, so to judge shows very little practicality.

HANS

Still with time, I am sure a gentler hand would be able to spark an interest. This is of course with proper introduction. Once again, sharing intelligence would help me help you.

Both men gather themselves and leave; as the minutes pass; Joseph finds his way back to the vase, and gathers the blueprints. He then notices another faint wrapping on his door, and hides them under the operating table.

JOSEPH

Come in.

Victoria walks in, befuddled and glimpsing at her father's sanctuary, complete with a telescope and a revolving dome ceiling. Tesla coils energize the facility. A wrap on the chamber door occurs. It is Mary, and she looks tired and worn.

MARY

I miss you, I love you.

JOSEPH

I love you too.

VICTORIA

So now what?

CUT-TO

INT. FRANKENSTEIN HOUSEHOLD DINNER

The table feels certainly incomplete without Roy, whose absence can be felt.

MARY

I would say any ability to assimilate yourself with them, all while terrifying, is a way to observe their esoteric ritual and create your own path.

(CONTINUED)

## VICTORIA

I could never come to love someone who is intuitively living to exterminate my very home, identity, or even reform the world in an obtrusive image.

## MARY

Welcome to womanhood, we've been married off as property, and with far less benefits than that of unrequited love before. I think you are just fearing it all. When history repeats itself, it can be a cruel and merciless tirade of exploitation. It is not. It's the opportunity to create a frequency that restores balance to peoples' hopes and dreams.

## JOSEPH

So how am I supposed to deal with the trauma of doing wrong to myself and others? How about the fact we may have failed Roy? Wait, are you leaving again?

## MARY

Yes. With consolation that no pasture is ever green without my relatives. The ones whom I've spent time nurturing and loving. I'm just afraid time has caught up with me and whipped a lesson into me that I must learn to love myself. Or maybe a time would come when most everybody else would learn to love themselves gratuitously and share it with others. Where is my son?

## JOSEPH

They enlisted him. They look for kids when they're in conversation. They listen and judge whether they are either radiant or exceptional.

## MARY

Why do you stay here? Why not fight them?

## JOSEPH

I'm on the fence, and they have the numbers.

MARY

Maybe there never were any sides.  
Maybe both of them could use a man  
with vision or direction. Most fall  
to only exhibit one of those  
attributes.

JOSEPH

A superior command? I am unsure if  
that is a real scenario.

VICTORIA

I think mankind is frightened by  
women leaders. Am I wrong?

CUT-TO

EXT. GRASS FIELD & WATERFALL DUSSELDORF - NIGHT

Victoria and Mary sit by the waterfall for what could be  
their final shared experience with one another at home.

VICTORIA

So Roy was left there to be  
swallowed whole by those demons.

MARY

He had little choice, It makes me  
cringe too.

VICTORIA

It's still repulsive to not fight  
back.

Mary is pensive with this comment.

What is to come of our family  
anyway?

MARY

That's a matter of whether you  
believe that you can trust where  
Roy's soul takes him. If he is who  
you believe him to be, his heart  
and his soul would never change.  
That's the place to start.

VICTORIA

The Nazi's are brain washing  
technicians.

(CONTINUED)

MARY

Dually noted, still he is smarter  
than them.

They hear a frog sing.  
Like Siegfried frog.

VICTORIA

I can't believe you remember him.

MARY

You loved speaking to him so much,  
I pretty much figured you'd marry  
him!

They share a smile...

You have your mind Victoria, an  
intelligible diamond of a mind. You  
have a beauty amongst you that is  
not marked by any culture. You're  
like the east. Diversity is your  
strength. You're adaptive and  
evolutionary, a step ahead.

CLOSE UP: MARY GIVES VICTORIA HER SINCEREST TONE.  
In this war, its almost as though  
your face could launch a thousand  
ships, or the world into orbit. At  
least in this town, love will  
revolve around you and respond to  
you first.

Mary turns her back afraid to divulge more of her  
imagination.

Your father is the definition of  
mad. The loneliness is killing him.  
He will break and you must allow  
him to. This house is your dowry.  
It was always for you daughter.

VICTORIA

Can he really be lost? Or is he  
just wandering?

MARY

I can't judge where his experiences  
have taken him, nor where my own  
will take me. All I know is that  
the grass is always greener on the  
other side.

VICTORIA

I wouldn't know. This is the first time in my life I feel dead inside. I can hardly see optimism for the other side. I forgot what the green side was without my family here, and as I get older the only thing more apparent is loneliness, death, and chaos. I could never control history.

MARY

Chaos and necessity are the parents of invention. Maybe your calling will find you when the nest empties out. Maybe we are just the catalysts for something we haven't the foresight to see. Or maybe something you dreamed of accomplishing but never set out to work for yet.

VICTORIA

Are you going to say goodbye to my father this time?

MARY

I always fancied the French's use of adieu. I still could never see sorrow in your father, simply beauty. Maybe when I close my eyes, I can tune out the chaos and get to the sincere parts.

VICTORIA

In necessity?

MARY

No sweet child! In invention!

CUT-TO

Mary waves off in a distance as she leaves the household before the light could break. Joseph's eyes droop into a depression as Victoria tries urgently to capture the essence of her visit and store it as emotional vigor. For there was no telling what form of energy her mother would show up as next.

CUT-TO

INT. OBSERVATORY TOWER

Joseph is huddled over a bundle of documentation; he begins to recite notes to log his experiments. He hides the blueprints back within the flower vase.

JOSEPH

Project Siegfried proves that soldiers can gain regenerative tissues when moderated with reptilian DNA.

CLOSE UP: A HUMAN HEART BEATING FROM A JAR CONNECTED TO ELECTRODES.

In particular tadpoles.

Siegfried, our initial subject was not the key, but the answer lay in his tadpole daughter whom I've named Shelly. Shelly is currently at a stasis. I have stabilized her growth, by feeding Siegfried the psychotropics from the toads.

CUTAWAY: TOADS CROAKING AS JOSEPH COLLECTS SLIME

This brings ethical questions into consideration. Are the life cycles tampered with when we preserve the elders? Are we treating the young like batteries? Are we circumventing the natural gateway of the dead and playing God when when we intervene with the longevity of a natural shelf-life? These values trigger a paradox of unequivocal emotions that are barring me to psychosis. I don't know whether this experiment is one of creation or destruction.

Joseph stops his conversation with himself. He looks over the levity of his research for the very first time. Joseph hears his daughter knock on the door. Joseph hears Victoria through the closed door.

VICTORIA

May I come in?

JOSEPH

Surely.

(CONTINUED)

VICTORIA

I'm seeing Hans, I don't like him though.

JOSEPH

That's totally normal.

VICTORIA

How did we get wrapped up in this?  
There has to be better way for us  
out there right?

JOSEPH

When there is a will there's a way.  
If there is no will there is always  
your way I guess. I don't know how  
to parent. I'm just making it up as  
I go along.

VICTORIA

Dad?

JOSEPH

Daughter?

VICTORIA

Thank you for being honest, it is a  
good way to show me you love me.

JOSEPH

I figure I owe you so much for the  
other bullshit I introduced to you.  
I can speak french like your mother  
too.

They crack a very necessary smile with one another.

VICTORIA

So they're still looking for  
ranking officers in science. They  
also think you're up to something.

JOSEPH

What makes them think that?

VICTORIA

You're locked up in an observatory,  
as the most intelligent man in the  
town and you don't leave this  
place. You don't need smoke signals  
to be an anti-fascist and scream  
fire.

JOSEPH

Fair enough. Still it doesn't stop  
my depression leading me to  
experimenting with psychotropic  
toads.

VICTORIA

One of our conditions accepts  
submission of freedoms  
involuntarily. The other condition  
requires consent. I float under the  
radar because in this world, my  
opinions, intelligence, and even  
qualifications don't matter.

JOSEPH

But they do. They can be the deal  
breaker.

VICTORIA

What are you saying?

Joseph passes the operation table, and contemplates showing Victoria the blueprints. After his immediate sense of skepticism, he diverts her attention.

JOSEPH

I might not be able to figure it  
out, but maybe you can.

CUT-TO

EXT. FRANKENSTEIN HOUSEHOLD - GARDEN

NARRATOR ( V.O. )

What is a garden but an earthly  
delight?

Hans attempts to place his hand around Victoria, who drops her charade and begins crying furiously.

NARRATOR ( V.O. )

A stage through which to gallivant  
the delicate dance that is love.

Joseph observes from the tower.

HANS

I remember the first time I saw  
you. I was with my mother and  
father. We were four. You age  
beautifully I mean.

(CONTINUED)

Joseph immediately proceeds down the stairs.

(cont'd)

I don't feel comfortable with this.  
Maybe another time.

JUSTIN  
That's fair enough.

CUT-TO

INT. VICTORIA'S ROOM

Victoria begins frantically throwing books and apparatus in rage. she stumbles across the Victrola player after a few manic fits; and prepares herself for a playback.

JOSEPH ( V.O. )  
The human body is a battery unit  
through which multiple energy  
sources can serve the vessel as a  
conductor.

Victoria begins reading a book about amphibians while listening to Brahms' Waltz In A Minor Op.39 Number 14.

JOSEPH ( V.O. )  
It is naturally a container  
conductive for current. The water  
helps serve the magnetism, but how  
do we transfer the organs in a  
manner where the light energy of  
the subject is preserved and  
regenerative? Do we need a cadaver?

Victoria walks toward the waterfall to see if she can meet up with Siegfried.

A cold-blooded organism may be a  
valuable test subject; but human  
trials are too ghastly a feat.  
People may be able to gain  
regenerative tissues when moderated  
with reptilian D.N.A. from  
tadpoles. The tadpole whom I've  
named Shelly should be the link.

Victoria notices that Siegfried has passed away. She is in great mourning as she drops to her knees and cries.

Shelly is no longer at a stasis.  
I've recently stunted her growth,  
but now she grew exponentially. Did  
Siegfried die?

(CONTINUED)

Victoria begins to run back towards the observatory in tears.

There is a groundbreaking result in this experiment that probably should never reach human testing.

CUT-TO

INT. NAZI FUNCTIONAL DINNER

Victoria is hemmed in a beautiful red dress. Hans her date to the function is wearing a tuxedo. They arrive by horse and carriage. As they go to sit at the table Mila and Aurel are there.

VICTORIA

I don't want to be here. I have a death in the family.

HANS

It favors most ladies, in a level of sophistication, to showcase the might and majesty of perseverance.

VICTORIA

This is more of an exercise of tolerance on my end. There really is no good reason why I am here with you.

HANS

Dually noted Miss. Frankenstein. I'll pay attention for our next venture together.

VICTORIA

The chances of a next venture are slim to none.

HANS

So long as my spirit knows you are with capable hands, then I'd say my job is done.

VICTORIA

Time with you moves slow and dull, like the Chinese military torture techniques.

HANS

The torture is all mine.

VICTORIA

I option to perform my own  
independent autopsy of the body.

HANS

Which one?

VICTORIA

What do you mean which one?

HANS

Your brother has been missing in  
action for two weeks. I just wanted  
to take you out. I didn't want to  
be the bearer of bad news as well.

VICTORIA

Such sensitivity, no wonder you're  
a veterinarian.

The rest of the table takes note of her low swiped jeer.

You must excuse me. I just can't  
see the point of celebrating with  
you when you clearly don't protect  
the lives we already have in  
custody.

HANS

I'm just curious. Do you believe in  
the mystic arts? Do you believe in  
the arc of the covenant?

A few Nazis begin to snicker...

VICTORIA

I choose to believe that the God  
that allows this war to pursue  
without peaceful resolution, is one  
that I would view as having  
difficulty landing on his feet.

HANS

Albeit me to think there is an all  
powerful being, who likes his ego  
to be stroked. I'm just saying it  
would help to have him on your side  
along with the power of the dead.

CUT-TO

INT. FRANKENSTEIN HOUSEHOLD - MAILBOX

Victoria picks up a letter from the mailbox; it is addressed from her father. He seems to be nowhere in sight.

JOSEPH ( V.O. )

I am unable to contain my curiosity. It is in effect a curse that I have left you with. The flower vase holds blueprints. I pray that you continue with the resolve to make war cease. I am afraid that I cannot currently confirm or deny contact with your mother. Being that sensitive time is of the essence and that next of kin with your brother missing presents a gray matter, I must alienate the profession. I love you. I am simply married to my work, and must not deny you the same luxury. Let us please attempt further correspondence, I am always here to answer your questions.  
Joseph.

CUT-TO

Flashback.

INT. NAZI FUNCTIONAL DINNER

HANS

So when is it that you plan to make the recession arrangements?

CUT-TO

Flash forward.

INT. OBSERVATORY TOWER

Victoria setting up a tank holding Roy's cadaver.

VICTORIA ( V.O. )

Saturday.

CUT-TO

Flashback.

INT. NAZI FUNCTIONAL DINNER

HANS

Are you planning on any friends or family of his attendance? I will gladly support you.

CUT-TO

Flash forward.

EXT. GRASS FIELD & WATERFALL

Victoria begins searching the waterfall for tadpoles; she fishes some with a butterfly net.

VICTORIA ( V.O. )

No, it should be a small intimate ceremony, to honor his living.

CUT-TO

Flashback.

INT. NAZI FUNCTIONAL DINNER

HANS

Don't you take it to be a little odd that you are not seeking any advisement of your dad's requests? I figured he'd have something to say about this.

CUT-TO

Flash forward.

INT. OBSERVATORY TOWER

Victoria is playing with the silver prongs.

VICTORIA ( V.O. )

He'll be there in spirit. That's all that matters now.

CUT-TO

INT. NAZI MORGUE

After a brief autopsy, she wonders why the Hans made no mention of an initial bullet wound at the heart.

VICTORIA

How would you like some coffee and bakes?

HANS

I don't believe this is the time.

NARRATOR ( V.O. )

It brought nervous grief and misery to her discovery that there was a bullet near the heart region. Hans however did not notice, so she played coy.

VICTORIA

Has there been any information regarding the unit through which my brother was deployed?

HANS

Surely, records of the units, and contacts should be available for all officials; why do you ask?

VICTORIA

I figure closure would become more accessible if I were to speak with those closest to him when he passed.

HANS

Sounds fair enough. What do you figure to get out of it though?

VICTORIA

Like I said; closure.

It was then that Hans was disturbingly pomp.

HANS

Don't you worry your pretty little heart about it. God lets everything happen for a reason. If you obsess yourself over it; it may stir you to complete madness!

CUT-TO

## EXT. FRANKENSTEIN HOUSEHOLD - GARDEN

Victoria is playing in the grass, she subtly receives a flashback.

CUT-TO

Victoria and Roy throwing tomatoes at one another in the garden.

NARRATOR ( V.O. )  
 The joys that accompany the excitement of discovery. The love that engulfs an individual when in touch and at peace with nature.

Victoria speaks to herself.

VICTORIA  
 How can one concentrate on celebrating the life of one whose familiarity is close when the vanity through which he has passed may be based upon lies? The man they wish for me to bury is in the image of their failed Nazi soldiers, not of the revolutionary philosopher and promising brother through which I had found a mentor.

CUT-TO

## INT. OBSERVATORY TOWER'S OPERATION TABLE

The flashbacks cut to the lifeless body of Roy in uniform. He appears cold, lifeless, and humorless. As Victoria recites her thoughts, she is humbled at how her friend has so easily been transformed.

VICTORIA  
 These sciences and offices stink of capers. Disgusted and dill without any preparation. They are not fit for what we call chivalry. Am I to believe, and have faith, that the uniform he is found in upon his death is to bring honor upon the life that he had lived? The court of their God should reflect that here on earth, or I fear that this world they have fashioned may indeed be Godless.

CUT-TO

EXT. FRANKENSTEIN HOUSEHOLD - GARDEN

Victoria's consciousness returns to her tending the garden, where she is taken by an unexpected visitor in the Hans.

VICTORIA

Hans! What are you doing here?

HANS

I figured I would propose an idea for you! They say smart women like ideas!

VICTORIA

Well I'd say that this was exceptionally thoughtful of you! Run it by me!

HANS

What do you say we have a dinner here, instead of with all of my friends over at the restaurant. We eat a home cooked meal, start to pick vegetables from the garden.

VICTORIA

I would say that the space given this time is a little sacred. I still believe that my father may be able to return to all of this. I am simply care taking.

HANS

Do you not think it is a good idea?

VICTORIA

I think it would be a great idea! That is if I had friends. I am sure your friends would find me delirious if they were to share the table with swamp animals and my eventually my brother's cadaver. I am just simply not emotionally prepared to make those steps yet. I'm sorry.

HANS

I understand.

(CONTINUED)

VICTORIA

I've been meaning to ask you  
though.

HANS

What is it?

VICTORIA

Have you been able to retrieve any  
names of people who served with my  
brother?

HANS

Only one in particular stuck out,  
someone with the last name of  
Simian. Apparently they were real  
hot heads at one another, like he  
was a hard ass with him. One of  
those guys who volunteered first  
day. Why do you ask?

VICTORIA

I just want to find out if they  
treated him like the hero he has  
always been. I just wanted to find  
out if they ever respected the work  
he pledged himself to doing. Would  
you mind mailing and receiving  
letters from my relatives?

HANS

If I can manage a few more dates I  
don't see why not!

CUT-TO

INT. OBSERVATORY TOWER

Victoria writes a letter while hunched over the observatory table. On the table, her elbows move the surface below her to drop a diagram. The proportions of the human body according to Vitruvius. There are detailed notes regarding electronic points. She stops the letter writing to further observe the details in her father's blueprints, and she is shocked to discover how in depth her father's research had been.

CUT-TO

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE

Victoria finds herself in need of a bicycle day. Her imagination regarding what her father's intentions may have been were firing on all cylinders. She proposes to herself after parking at a tree that writing a letter to her father about the relationship Roy had with the soldier Simian may be a route worth investigating.

CUT-TO

EXT. FRANKENSTEIN HOUSEHOLD

Hans is waiting outside of Victoria's door. Victoria however is riddled in thoughts of delivering her letter, and hearing a response. The make-up is trivial to her as she constantly flushes water on her face, as though she is asleep in a terrible nightmare. She pulls herself together with the most basic hair pin she could find.

CUT-TO

INT. NAZI FUNCTIONAL LUNCH

Hans pulls out the chair and seats. Victoria, as they attempt to make themselves comfortable, has far less comfort in this atmosphere. She requires the interactions to piece herself together.

CUT-TO

EXT. FRANKENSTEIN HOUSEHOLD

VICTORIA

Thank you, lunch hit the spot.

HANS

You're welcome.

VICTORIA

Do you figure my dad will get back to me soon?

HANS

It's hard to tell, as you may be able to see they're ridiculously busy, these science officers. They spend most of their time debating the religious sectors.

(CONTINUED)

VICTORIA

I have to ask you something, as a colleague.

HANS

Colleague? I am scared that is the best compliment I've received yet! Go ahead.

VICTORIA

In the event it turned out that my brother was killed by friendly fire, instead of the killed in action, could you understand me?

HANS

Could I or would I?

Victoria's guard raises.

I could, and I probably would, I mean credibility is big.

VICTORIA

Still your profession relies on it. Would you be willing to turn your back on your prestige, and your family, for the idea of love?

HANS

Not the idea, but the opportunity. The ability to have something where it was based on honesty as a mode of credibility. True honor, respect, love, and honesty. I want to believe those qualities are real. They are easier to believe in currently than God or a cure to war.

VICTORIA

You don't feel as though you have it all already? Career, self-made family, wealth, education? Your masculinity?

Victoria probes Hans.

How about the opportunity to bring esoteric sciences to back your military?

HANS

I would not ask for anything to be added or taken away, but I would definitely wish unto myself a person whom I could be vulnerable with. I don't know. Someone or something I can trust in is an invaluable source of inspiration. I have myself, but finding symmetric love could be the garnish to the dish that is purpose amidst all the chaos, creation, and destruction.

VICTORIA

I guess I just don't see it. The reason you would sign yourself up to become a part of all of this. The war, and the hysteria.

HANS

I've come to believe that I was lead to this point. I did not sign up, rather I was born registered. My purpose may be to express that which was contained but never allowed to be shared until this point in time. The latter more scientific view of it all is that I'm just searching to be someone important, but I accept that it is not always necessarily so. Still I deserve to feel important, and should be allowed to search for what I find is important, and share it with those I deem are of value. Right?

VICTORIA

It could be brilliant, or insane Hans. I just haven't figured out which one yet. Thanks for being honest with me.

HANS

As soon as I get a reply, I'll deliver the letter to you.

CUT-TO

## INT. OBSERVATORY TOWER

Victoria is examining and paying close attention to her tadpole tank, writing, and thinking out loud. She takes a swig from her father's old wine jug.

VICTORIA ( V.O. )

Could I be missing something? I am doing this not with vengeance but with love. What else would my mother want with me? What else could my father commit his ideals to? The answers they come, but they riddle me with the hypothetical. If what's in store with us is a cycle of death, then I pray to the monstrosities that inspired it to cease and desist.

Victoria begins to tap the glass for a reaction.

Knowledge can't be everything in this. Lord knows that the imaginative times could get lost in delusions of desire. We'd be fit to become the very things we've always hated. That path is not suited for me. It is for those fool hardy to believe that God may indeed be looking out for them only.

She begins to pace around the operating table, and locks her eyes with a mirror.

There is no other way to legitimize this path than to realize living will move on with us or without us. We can only be truly impacted by the walk that we dictate. I cannot bend and become the walk of destruction. I will do what I must to not cave.

CUT-TO

## EXT. FRANKENSTEIN HOUSEHOLD

Victoria finds herself tending the garden, as a mental break from the scientific life and off-shoot tasking. Upon the hill, she witnesses Hans running and carrying a letter. He is dangling it in his hand with an excited whim. Victoria was curious as to how the letter was replied to in under fourteen days, however her paranoia was outweighed by the happiness of gaining contact. Once Hans reached her, she asks the rhetorical question in charm.

(CONTINUED)

VICTORIA

What are you doing here?

HANS

I gained correspondence with him.  
It required I opened the letter and  
decode it. So this is an  
interpreted form.

Victoria was shocked, and angered. There was no talk of the experiments, however the information she sends to her father is hardly anything she wanted to entertain being searched by Nazis. She attempted to concede the privacy for the letter that she had received.

VICTORIA

It is not particularly polite to begin moving through somebody's private documentation. There could have been sensitive information in there!

HANS

I just hoped, or prayed you'd trust me to get a response as briskly as possible. I apologize. With that being said, do you mind sharing it with me?

VICTORIA

I mean it is relative business Hans. I hope you would understand there are some things that deserve to be kept. I am trying to figure out what I am to do regarding allowing my father adequate closure with Roy, and dare I say I wanted to know about my mother. Who is no criminal, but was banished simply by being Jewish. You can see where I am having issues identifying my individuality with things I cannot trust.

HANS

Well then what does it mean when I could care less, and want to bring you around my friends anyway? I just think that you're above it all, why can't you see or empathize with me?

Hans tries to change the subject.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

HANS (cont'd)  
Maybe listening to music together  
would be clever. Tell me do you  
dance?

VICTORIA  
I never learned how to.

HANS  
Me neither, nothing recently at  
least. I see myself studying what  
the guys do and imagining the right  
way to do it. By the time I could  
muster the courage to mimic the  
steps, everyone is taken, on the  
dance floor and my cover is blown.  
Maybe on our next time together we  
can learn something new with one  
another.

Victoria is taken back at the offer, such a playful  
suggestion has never been posed since her household was  
packed with scholars. It was against that which was her new  
tone, however she found her own unique interest breaking the  
cycle of disappointment.

VICTORIA  
Alright!

HANS  
Wait a second. Can you whisper that  
into my good ear? I am afraid I  
have never met a proposition this  
easily from you since I would say,  
ever!

VICTORIA  
Don't get ahead of yourself, there  
is plenty of time in this life for  
me to change my mind. Or it could  
be even more interesting to change  
yours, we are talking about good  
ideas now, are we not?

HANS  
I was more along the lines. Hey you  
are ridiculously intelligent. I  
would not mind spending the  
remainder of these scarily  
conscious times next to you, or  
helping you innovate the world. If  
we met half-way some dinner and  
dancing would be nice.

CUT-TO

INT. THE OBSERVATORY - DARK ROOM

Victoria is looking through old photographs.

NARRATOR ( V.O. )

Victoria begins to designate pictures she had found mounted in the observatory tower. She begins to reminisce over her mother, and how she assuredly misses her advocacy, brave activism, and work ethic. Most of all, she missed her stories. Victoria stumbles upon a rare picture having been filmed by her father. The picture was comprised of Roy, Mary, and Siegfried. It was a memory that she wanted to recapture but could not. Fire burned inside of her, as though Olympus had fallen, and it was all at her fault. If Germany could not be saved, then she would be sworn to be the humanitarian that would save life at all costs. This measure through which she could practice this discipline of empathy on her own relatives was respectively compliant with self-love being the template. She needed to find her own divine order.

CUT-TO

EXT. BIKE TRAIL

Hans and Victoria are riding bikes with one another, and conversing down a sunny path, when Victoria raises conversation to hint at Hans' thought waves.

VICTORIA

So, you remember how you mentioned that anytime that I may need your help, you'd like to help?

Hans begins to melt in his own stomach, he is entirely aware of the captivation that is the sexy voice. It was taking over and seducing his whim. The defense mechanism slightly protects him.

HANS

I remember something in that gear or direction. Why is it that you ask me?

VICTORIA

I wanted to present my brother's corpse to the public, giving him a beauteous ceremony through which the military cannot provide.

(CONTINUED)

HANS

Don't you think it is a little  
sadistic to the legacy of your  
brother to take him back solely to  
parade his corpse in public?

Hans literally sees a legitimate level of disappointment in Victoria, as he began to knock down her dreams in the slightest request of a service call.

I apologize, I didn't intend to be  
so inconsiderate. That is a  
legitimately understandable  
request, still I say my colleagues  
could believe me to be barking mad  
when I ask to phone this request  
in.

VICTORIA

Thank you Hans! I don't love you  
but I like you!

HANS

That will do for now. Maybe one day  
we'll learn what love is supposed  
to sway like. When you're done with  
all your experiments and such. That  
would be amazing timing for me.  
Just saying it out loud as a  
prayer.

Victoria smiles. She is not giving Hans any slack in seeing her interest or disinterest. He doesn't care, he is still on the idea that love can exist.

CUT-TO

INT. FRANKENSTEIN HOUSEHOLD

Victoria sits at the table to write a letter to Joseph; In hopes that his response could be well timed.

VICTORIA ( V.O. )

Dear Dad; I miss you dearly, it is  
without hesitation that I am  
planning to breathe life back into  
the work that you initiated. It  
brings me tears of joy that we can  
be the same relatives we have  
always been now and always. I pray  
that you seek correspondence with  
mother, and that you briskly  
entertain giving me any advice on

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

VICTORIA ( V.O. ) (cont'd)  
my excursions. That Simian man  
won't bother us, we'll thwart his  
legacy by putting our minds at  
work. I love you. The magnitude of  
the stars, the moon, the sun, and  
this world. Sincerely, Victoria  
Frankenstein.

CUT-TO

## EXT. GRASS FIELD &amp; WATERFALL

Hans is driving a car towards the waterfall. He is apparently uneasy at the idea of having a deceased body in a residential vehicle. He felt this way despite the plastic covering. He turned down the window and murmurs to Victoria as he sets his sights on her.

HANS  
I'm not that big a gentleman.  
You're going to help me carry this  
corpse up to the observation tower  
right?

CUT-TO

## INT. OBSERVATORY TOWER - STAIRS

They begin to traverse the stairs one by one. Their quadriceps giving in to the weight of the extra body on select dead lifts.

HANS  
How is it that a corpse can be so heavy when they don't even eat anything?

VICTORIA  
You're telling me! I mean it is actually an advantage that you didn't drain any of the fluids; bile etc.

JUSTIN  
Excuse me?

VICTORIA  
Never mind, lets just keep going.

They take a break in observation and open up the bag to reveal his body, and face.

(CONTINUED)

HANS

I was not able to sneak the uniform out. They were looking at me during protocol.

VICTORIA

That is alright, I understand. What intrigues me most is that it seems that the carcass does not have any bullet holes anywhere else. It seems to me on the look of it that he may have been poisoned and shot.

HANS

Poisoned?

VICTORIA

Yes poisoned. Also shot in the heart. I would expect that the best course to take would be to reset the heart pulse with electricity; and give him an amphibian serum. I am curious as to how my dad made these coils work electricity so easily. Whether I may be able to use the power that is electricity to help insinuate the corpses' individual regeneration needs to be tested on humans.

HANS

Huh?

VICTORIA

We need to do something shocking.

HANS

Do you want Shelly to have a seat for this?

VICTORIA

Sure, why not?

CUT-TO

INT. OBSERVATORY TOWER

As they finally reach the top of the stairs, they begin to tuck away into the corner as they gasp the air on the rigorous exercises they had just attached themselves to.

(CONTINUED)

VICTORIA

So honey, I hope you enjoyed our preliminary date. If you want to leave, you can choose to get out now.

HANS

I'd leave, but I need to catch my breath.

Hans hears Shelly.

Where is that croaking coming from?  
Do you have a toad you aren't telling me about?

VICTORIA

Shelly sounds like Siegfried. It's singing. She is a frog. Some veterinarian you are. You don't know the difference in their vocals? So help me put my brother up on the operating table.

Hans, practicing obedience is quick to comply and assists Victoria with her request.

HANS

So, I initially thought what you were going to do was just put a little make-up on him, pretty up the corpse and display it. This all seems intense.

VICTORIA

Thanks Hans; I appreciate your help.

HANS

Alright, let me know when you need help re-writing your mail.

VICTORIA

You what?

HANS

Yeah, it turns out that we at the base screen the mail before anything gets to the civilians. So when you need help I'll be the guy who can.

Victoria is disturbed at the invasion of privacy is continued and on all scopes.

VICTORIA

Can you leave?

HANS

Okay.

Victoria closes the door behind him with authority.

CUT-TO

EXT. GRASS FIELD & WATERFALL

Victoria begins staring into the moonlight. Praying out loud to whatever may be out there, in hope that it may be able to hear her call. She sought help in her time of need and requirement.

VICTORIA

Dear life, love, electricity,  
thought, consciousness, breath,  
magnetism, light, and dark. Let  
there be a bridge of spectrum  
between black and white. Let there  
be an ultra stream that guides  
flowers like violets, to raise  
themselves next to the prestige of  
roses. Let there be a cycle where  
botany in all it's alchemy, can  
configure and combine sciences. Let  
reality be the catalyst where  
imagination's trust to expand human  
wisdom, garners evolution through  
atoms. May creativity relieve all  
those who search into the dark.  
Please keep an eye on my brother,  
mother, and dad. In your name  
mother nature.

As Victoria ends her prayer, thunder begins to roar. A ghastly sound that rips her ear drums, and sends shivers down her spine. She gallantly runs through the meadow to the observatory tower. Now was not the time to make excuses, now is the time to get to work.

CUT-TO

INT. OBSERVATORY TOWER

NARRATOR ( V.O. )

While Victoria begins to gander around the lab she collects the intelligence that would be in best use to the experiment. She assembles the research she had found from scientist Nikola Tesla, and the research on Siegfried and Shelly that she had acquired through her father's blueprints. The documents were concerning brain activity that cold-blooded beings operate under. What was missing was the spiritual elements. Victoria lamented her mothers words. Her story that was about creation stuck with her in this world. The true understanding that would assist her brother had to be found there. There must be an honest exit and entrance in this strange world. It was with this sorrow and revelation, that her ego dropped. She had discovered the courage to ask Hans to help her.

CUT-TO

INT. RESTAURANT

Hans is completely taken aback at his situation.

HANS

Let me get this straight. Just the other day, you were slamming doors, and asking me to leave. Now you want my help and are taking me out to eat? Where are you coming from?

VICTORIA

Enough joking Hans. I need your help acquiring any intelligence on how the occult sciences work. What the Nazi's were able to acquire in the excursions to Africa, and how people managed to take the genealogy out the books is vital intelligence. We also need to research the side parameters that are associated when living beings become cold-blooded. We need to find the ways to apply the electric teachings made by this man.

Victoria places a dossier with a picture of Nikola Tesla on the table.

(CONTINUED)

HANS

Sure thing; is there anything else  
I can do?

VICTORIA

When it's possible, take heed to  
assist me in acquiring the letter  
my dad has sent back to me. Try to  
reach correspondence to my mother,  
to let her know that we may make a  
relative's reunion with Roy. Please  
let them know that I request their  
presence.

HANS

Well, you certainly are ambitious,  
but I must admit you may be simply  
the most marvelous woman that I may  
ever meet in my time. Here's to  
you. You'll always have my love,  
not just my respect.

CUT-TO

EXT. PARK

Victoria is walking with Hans back to the observatory.

HANS

I wish that chivalry could still be  
alive. I mean, what do you do when  
you hold a door these days?  
Sometimes the lady is like; what?  
You don't think I can do this  
myself! Other times ladies could  
always option. You don't have  
enough etiquette to know to open  
the door? It's a paradox Victoria!  
I'm doomed when I do, doomed when I  
don't!

VICTORIA

There are more women than men. Why  
don't we essentially own you? You  
get paid more, you essentially get  
paid by our dad's to marry us. It  
makes no sense logically,  
spiritually, or even  
mathematically. Even in the  
assumption we're polarized  
opposites, it doesn't warrant that  
less makes more, and more makes  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

VICTORIA (cont'd)  
less. I think men don't know what they'd do without us women and it scares them stupid.

HANS

Why don't I get to see women work as doctors? I always thought a woman doctor would treat the area of conversation as though it is enlightenment to reach compassionate care. The strategy is always to stick to the book. Imagination and inventive strategy could be a crutch in developing innovation in the medical region. Still the boys club just won't allow the girls in. Its pretty embarrassing.

VICTORIA

I don't understand why men think it's cool to not cry. What is their end goal? Do they not enjoy emotions, or the thoughts that may come to be associated with them? I'm beginning to believe that they are giving up on a puzzle piece that may result on their own evolution, solely because they enjoy the illusion that privilege can extend to them.

HANS

What I don't understand is how we are so terrified to understand the colored worlds. I mean, we mix up terminologies to label them as cancerous. We mistake shades without acknowledging we value people above shade. The dialectics of individual people and organized tribunals can deliver. We hardly think to mention that we may in more ways than less be of the same nature.

VICTORIA

I'm confused why men are so quick to play with toys when they can play in nature. Sure the technology is interesting, but there is something about being out in the

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

VICTORIA (cont'd)  
wild with the people you love. It can bring revelations to the mind, body, and spirit, that no machine could. That is of course with proper supervision, and a keen sense of natural wisdom.

## HANS

I miss the sensation associated with bringing care to those you appreciate in a sustainable mode. Love, and laughter, are both attainable once the health and immediate bill that is livelihood are covered. Maybe then relatives could begin to concentrate on the things that illuminate the beauty inside them.

## VICTORIA

I wish there was more to living than working. I wish there was a way to simulate a reality whereas the end result could be the self-actualization that is utopia. I think I would be able to exorcise when to love, and when not love. Maybe we should pick this up another time?

CUT-TO

## INT. OBSERVATORY TOWER

Victoria looks scrupulously for Shelly. She's wants to keep her in a tank where she can swim. She lifts her friend Shelly to converse some inspirational words.

## VICTORIA

What we're trying to do has never been done previously; we shouldn't be scared though. We must believe we're the right ones to do this. When mom and dad see what we can do, it may give them a sense of pride that a woman was responsible along with a frog and a toad to remedy our differences. In the regeneration that is existent consciousness, this is the surface of a scientific breakthrough.

(CONTINUED)

She kisses the frog who in turn speaks back.  
Thank you.

Victoria hears knocking on the observatory tower door it must be Hans. He had previously promised her a letter delivered to her door in regards to her father. She hears his voice leading a plea to entry with distinction to outside.

HANS  
Hey there! Uh; I have another letter!

Victoria opens the door up.

VICTORIA  
Lovely timing! you can set it on the table over there please!

HANS  
So how are you?

VICTORIA  
Well since the last time you seen me? I believe decent. Will you be able to take on one more task in my stead?

HANS  
Maybe when you allow me to be a little more rude and ask you to join me and Aurel on a dinner date.

VICTORIA  
I thought you knew me well enough by now? I really don't do dates.

HANS  
I just need help with this. It's a suspicion thing. When I am away, they view it as abandoning my post responsibilities. They even go so distant as saying; I am abandoning God and country. I need help right now protecting the image. We will still be able to do that which is what we do. Which is alright by me.

VICTORIA  
So long as it doesn't interrupt my brother's ceremony. You must assure me that you can retrieve a letter from my mother.

HANS

Then we have ourselves a deal!  
Let's see, it takes place in three  
days is that enough time to write  
your letter up?

VICTORIA

Surely! Just please remember whose  
side you're on in this matter.

Hans seems to be more excited about this meet up than the typical requests he makes in her good company.

HANS

Oh, Victoria! I appreciate you...

VICTORIA

That's interesting, I only thought  
that we had chemistry in common.

CUT-TO

INT. NAZI VETERINARIAN HEADQUARTERS

Hans begins to notice his father Aurel walking towards him. He drops the examination he is doing on a guard canine and walks the puppy back into his cage.

HANS

What seems to be the problem here  
father?

AUREL

There appears to be some rumors  
circulating that there was a former  
government issue returned back to  
their relatives without the ideal  
paperwork being pushed through. Is  
this a true notion to assume?

Hans wants to be honest.

HANS

It is so yes.

AUREL

It is also noted that you are  
spending an unusual amount of time  
in perspective with Miss.  
Frankenstein. Are you socializing  
instead of working?

(CONTINUED)

HANS

Relationships, and learning are taking a greater hold these days concerning how I live. Yes sir.

AUREL

Just notice who it is that you spend the majority your time with, you are the company you keep they say. Are you attending the banquet in a couple days?

HANS

It is my intention to attend it, indeed yes.

AUREL

I hope to see your significant affectionate individual at the banquet. Maybe we can learn more about your escapades when she is in the room.

Hans swallows his breath. He is in lieu that his father may try to jeopardize the good relationship he has with Victoria.

CUT-TO

INT. FRANKENSTEIN HOUSEHOLD

Victoria opens up the letter she had received.

VICTORIA ( V.O. )

Dear Victoria, I am so incredibly proud that you are so magnetically intuitive in the world of science. With this innovation that you set, there are countless thresholds where reality and imagination may pave a path in a positive direction. It is with great love that I contacted your mother, and your ally had sent correspondence that your mother will soon be able to respond to you with. The advice I need to offer is such. Trust in the love that is your personal research, everything you've ever needed to know has always been inside you the entire time. I have just been lucky to guide and push

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

VICTORIA ( V.O. ) (cont'd)  
you in the right direction when the time had been essential. This Tesla guy sure does seem on the right side of history himself! I'd ask your colleague more about him when you get the opportunity. In regards to the progress, I would be proud to share a new time with you. I could think that nothing would be greater than to witness the world's greatest breakthrough being revealed by my daughter. I love you. Sincerely, Joseph Frankenstein.

CUT-TO

## INT. OBSERVATORY TOWER

With the letter to inspire a new level of intrigue in Victoria, her mind continues to gravitate towards the research. Hans wanders his thoughts towards how his contemporaries may approach his extra-curricular activities.

## VICTORIA

So can you tell me what research you were able to acquire on our target scientist Nikola Tesla regarding the electricity that he considerably lends towards this project?

## HANS

It seems as though he may be completely into the idea that magnetism may be responsible for the sole basis of electricity on this earth. Between the north and south poles, human bodies, and the ocean floors, there seems to be a bridge between reality and the sub-atomic world that can be crossed with his understanding. I dunno when he came up with these things, but it seems to be intelligence that came to us with another world in sight!

## VICTORIA

Well, another world may be the exact venture in which we are

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

VICTORIA (cont'd)  
looking at. It may be the cross  
into the underworld, or more  
importantly a path to ascension! He  
deserves, as well as most our  
lovers deserve a peace at their  
end. Love, maybe even recognizance  
at a level where we'd be able to  
make gardens grow. The world could  
turn into a mutually illustrious  
version of Eden. I would blush at  
the sight!

Hans begins to twiddle with his hands unable to truly take  
his mind away at his head. He seems to be more and more  
unruly, to the point where Victoria reaches out to him in  
hopes that she can elevate his spirits.

There seems to be something  
irritating you. May I ask you bud,  
what is it that is the matter?

HANS  
It appears to be an unusual alarm.  
A distress that I may not be able  
to socially respond to. It appears  
that they don't believe that I am  
the same as them. It's my.

Victoria cuts Hans' speech.

VICTORIA  
Our!

He smiles in a brief second for the first time in a while.

HANS  
Our social climate. It's abundant  
with obstructions.

VICTORIA  
So what is it that bothers you  
again?

HANS  
Trying to dream on my own, and  
sharing it with my father.

VICTORIA  
Well, maybe we need to change their  
minds then! With a little kindness,  
and emphasis that language and  
culture are all beauteous. We  
become intertwining arts like  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

VICTORIA (cont'd)  
textiles. Any advantage to ease humanity at whim is a call we'll make together. Let us hope to inspire and direct the world to create new opportunities! Growing, to love one another is a gift!

CUT-TO

INT. NAZI FUNCTIONAL BANQUET

The tables at the banquet are dressed with the most appealing and dazzling linens available, and bouquets of various wild blossoms and perennials. The flowers are spread by the tables to elevate the aroma that is nature. As Hans and Victoria enter the building, they spot Aurel whom in his own masquerade has no date with him noticeably for the time being.

AUREL

Hello love birds, please it would be an honor for the occasion that you would join me. It seems Mila will be here later. Come and join me!

Hans is attentive to pull out Victoria's chair considering chivalry.

Have either you seen the night sky and navigated the constellations? Has anyone here connected the dots or allowed them to move them? The manner where you can shape out the various literature that are our mythologies is a remarkably divine exploration! It seems as though we have abandoned taking the time to stare at the sky and interpret the meaning behind our universe.

Aurel's wife Mila enters with Adalbert.

ADALBERT  
Good evening.

Hans finds it amongst him to introduce Victoria;

HANS  
I'd like to introduce you to my companion Victoria Frankenstein.  
Hello mother.

(CONTINUED)

ADALBERT

Are you the one related to Roy  
Frankenstein?

Spooked that this may indeed be optional intelligence that could damn, or in course hurt her experiment. It could even potentially harm her compatriot as well as her relatives. She denies her wisdom.

VICTORIA

Who me? No! Of course not! No relation! I am just withering through the passage here! I may have seen that name amidst my science endeavors once.

ADALBERT

Roy Frankenstein was a brilliant scientist, a remarkable soldier, and an even more competent man. I miss him affectionately. He seems to be what many people in our line call a diamond in the rough. Simian not as much.

MILA

Simian took the research too far! He believed there were no consequences what-so-ever to that life. His experiments were reckless.

ADALBERT

Words could hardly speak justice. I am just lamenting an individual whose untapped potential had hardly been reached due to asphyxiation at the hand which is emotional and international dissension and animosity. These altercations tend to help too few.

AUREL

Disunity does not help. I could hardly imagine what this world would be like in the scenario that warfare continued to be preached in the design and pattern that is so relevantly public. The shedding of blood we share in service to borders that were only existent when developing trade routes is unnecessary.

HANS

That's the conundrum. How is it we are bargaining to be involved in this war consciously? Sub-consciously we'd much rather be seeing something more open and loving in this world. It is national pride that fuels it all. We must become something greater.

AUREL

Have you heard that Adolf personally had been studying the lost arc? At some point he will have us searching to excavate it.

VICTORIA

The lost arc?

MILA

Apparently these grown up boys believe that the Fibonacci sequence illustrates the trajectory or borders that belong to all living things. By accumulating enough intelligence on the natural order, they believe that they will be able to attain the supernatural order that is the bloodline that is the Eucharist, and control it through suggestion.

Victoria is shaken by this revelation. She decides to add her thoughts into the equation. She doesn't want her breakthrough to be surpassed merely in aptitude to a largely theatrical war.

VICTORIA

What happens when she determines that we all share the same blood anyway? Does that mean that the war would stop? Would we then be able to stop the rivalries, struggles, and combat?

The table seems to be taken aback from this inquiry in trying to ascertain the livelihood that is associated with their current standards to living in accordance to the greater war at hand.

AUREL

I suppose it works similarly to our instincts. The idea is that our

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

AUREL (cont'd)  
imprints in events are strikingly similar to that which would be our past, and that we must come across the will to change ourselves at given points in time. I only pray that we do the right things when the time comes, still I am limited to a very narrow perspective.

Aurel looks at Hans.

You have a very intelligent companion here. Some would even say she'd be worthy to be serving with us!

Victoria is down trodden and partially offended.

HANS  
The battle lines are no place where women ought to be.

Victoria and Hans prepare to leave.

SLOW MOTION: PUTTING THEMSELVES TOGETHER AND EXITING.

NARRATOR ( V.O. )

Victoria has had it with this conversation. It had instigated her desire to out do that which is the regular boy's club talk. Once she was able to receive the letter in return to this dinner date, there would be clear repercussions to these men underestimating her brilliance and savvy. It was formerly inappropriate to suggest that women speak up regarding war. The lack of this understanding could assuredly bite them on the rear. This was now larger than her brother. It would prove to be difficult implying that this man whom she will bring back with heart and soul is with no relation. It would be a lie that may be noble enough to pass given the adequate vision.

CUT-TO

INT. OBSERVATORY TOWER

Victoria and Hans prepare the experiment. She uses her father's blueprints.

NARRATOR ( V.O. )  
Victoria begins reviewing her notes, under watchful eye that her supervision over these projects  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

NARRATOR ( V.O. ) (cont'd)  
could be the means that determines  
institutional values. Who are the  
servants in society? Who are the  
leaders? Is it a responsibility  
that she should be terribly scared  
to reveal? Now more than ever, we  
will get an answer!

WIDE: HANS SETTING UP THE OPERATION TABLE WITH THE CADAVER.  
The issue was that there were no  
true allies other than Hans, whom  
in his course seemed to have fallen  
to a slight case that some may call  
chauvinism.

Hans motions putting his finger into Roy's ear.  
These are wild incantations that  
were beset. Having acquired a  
letter with thoughts and  
appreciations from her mother in  
mind, she took it amongst her own  
being to make the most that she  
could have made with the situation.

Victoria adjusts beakers.  
To take heed that words could be  
inspirational or destructive. An  
introverted bout amidst the  
extrovert's journey. A truly  
emancipated love that most divine  
organisms could grasp.

VICTORIA ( V.O. )  
Dear Victoria; I pray these days  
that Gaia has awoken in you. I pray  
that you acknowledge and find the  
power that life extends to those  
whom are courageous, loving and  
dedicated to creating a better  
world. Do not mourn your brother.  
He is in good hands. I urge that  
you concentrate on your own well  
being. Please understand that  
whatever destination or path that  
you choose to embark on will be a  
great tale to laugh with people  
about. It is not meant to be grim,  
or scary, rather to inspire the  
change in individuals that is  
necessary to actualize one's love  
of their own personal environment.  
Whatever this experiment is that

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

VICTORIA ( V.O. ) (cont'd)  
you feel compelled to do, know that  
love has always been the hidden  
power. It emanates and is extended  
to humanity. On your course, love  
will be able to allow individuals  
to create decisions for themselves  
on how to treat one another. Peril  
is the disguise. I do miss your dad  
dearly, however I am unsure what it  
is I can do to extend the  
opportunity to him to see the world  
that we are operating in. At times  
it seems as though he has become so  
technical, that he may be unable to  
see his own light in the world. I  
hope that he is able to adjust the  
course that are his actions and  
make restitution through the great  
works that you embark to unveil to  
us. With loving and ultimately kind  
regards, Mary Shelly Frankenstein.

## HANS

I promise Victoria, I promise that  
I never intended to be so  
disappointing back there can you  
tell me what ails you?

## VICTORIA

Considering that you and I have  
been spending so much time with one  
another, I thought that by now  
you'd have understood the plight  
that is our eminence in this world.  
Have you accepted that behind these  
lost boys running around and  
playing war, that there are  
legitimate credentials being given  
to those whom are completely  
understanding of the energy through  
which they came? It is the kind or  
type that is not to be neglected  
during these times, and yet I see  
you examining the wrong angles  
during the scenario. I guess the  
issue is that I expected more  
through you in this situation.

HANS

I am so distant to being a teacher. I am abysmal when it comes to the law. I love animals which is why I could only serve as a veterinarian. I am an advocate to the canines; and even then I am still unable to decipher the importance that I may be able to bring to you in this time, place, and world. Still I want you to know that my love is extended towards you eternally. A love that will always be open to the idea or thought to try and help you whichever way I can and whenever I can. It is with this kind arm, gentle hand and honest eye that I will be able to see my time with you as valuable. I love you as you. I'm blind believing that any thing is possible with a little help that may be introduced along the way. When we work together it is a pleasurable experience. We are geared to not make judgment, but to question our own judgment, and make life better.

VICTORIA

That's the issue! What happens when you determine that you are an addict to love! That your obsession may hurt us both? How am I supposed to constantly bail you out, when you are unable to discover love by yourself?

This question took Hans completely outside the guard he wished to deliver to Victoria.

Sometimes to love something, you need to consider ways to let that which you love go to be emancipated.

HANS

I had an understanding that was what you were up to, the question is what can I do to be serviceable with a background in animals?

VICTORIA

Victoria laughs.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

VICTORIA (cont'd)

It's not even like that compatriot.  
I have love towards your ethic, but  
inspiring the animals is what we  
need. I mean, with all due respect  
mankind are the animals.

HANS

That's adequate enough an answer.

The two begin to walk around the lab, as Hans plays with the toad. Victoria raises an idea to his attention.

VICTORIA

You know; it is more than likely  
that there is a necessity to use  
the Tesla coils in the neck to help  
my brother Roy. Would you mind just  
collecting samples from the toad  
slime, while I put my own carcass  
to work?

Victoria winks at Hans, who smiles in return.

HANS

Surely!

NARRATOR ( V.O. )

As time passes by, both Hans and  
Victoria begin to bond with one  
another. They are making a  
stronghold through what was once an  
abandoned part of the laboratory.

The begin tidying up the laboratory together.

They created an absolute gem  
experience that had not been met  
since Mary, Joseph, and Roy were  
all gracing the building. It may  
not have been the same, but it was  
special to both lovers in their own  
kindness and regards. A link  
between the past and the present,  
through which bonds that resonate  
love, empathy and kindness could  
once again be erected. It was then  
that Victoria's pride amidst the  
wrapping culmination would be  
hesitant. She did not negate to  
asking Hans to assist her with one  
last request.

VICTORIA

I know this may seem a little crude to you; or even to your associates, however as a civil servant, I believe it to be only adequate that Roy could be resurrected in his regalia. When it is at all possible do you believe that you could ascertain this very request to help?

HANS

I believe that this gesture is something that is upon my limits as well as my own individual abilities; yes!

CUT-TO

EXT. NAZI MORGUE

The morgue is silent this night, and no person is actually standing guard. With Victoria back at the lab, Hans took it upon his own to begin searching the building to see where there could be any extra regalia laying around to honor Roy. Any extra medallions would be a little decorative, but a kind gesture to atone to his own personal service was necessary. Roy sees one person at the edge at the hallway, whispering to the clouds, and it is with this opening he scurries through the corridor and sees the aptitude of clean regalia laying in direct sight. He takes one. He payed very little attention to the sizing, and whisks away. Thunder begins to pound and lightning begins to strike as it begins to rain.

CUT-TO

INT. OBSERVATORY TOWER - STAIRS

Hans begins to pace back and forth on the staircase.

INT. OBSERVATORY TOWER

VICTORIA

Hans what happened to you? You're all wet, and out of breath! Hurry we have very little time!

CUT-TO

## EXT. FRANKENSTEIN HOUSEHOLD - GARDEN

We see two cloaked people, Mary and Joseph, arrived to see the reunion that Mary so desperately wished for. They begin to make way up to the Observatory.

CUT-TO

## INT. OBSERVATORY TOWER

Victoria places the silver prongs in Roy's neck. A storm begins to ensue. As the lightning strikes, the generator could store the energy and act as a defibrillator on Roy's amphibian regenerated heart.

## VICTORIA

We need more power! We may need to open the ceiling and allow the lightning to generate the coils!  
Let's elevate Roy to the sky! We'll wrap the Regalia in rubber to ground the current!

Both Mary and Joseph arrive at the open door. They witness Victoria in the process of the experiment.

Yes! Yes! More power!

The wind began to gust papers all throughout the observatory, it is at this time that Hans creates the courage to grab Shelly and protect her. Mary and Joseph begin to inch closer to Victoria as the thunder cracks whip and the lightning inadvertently strikes Roy. The shock thrusts Mary, Joseph, Victoria and a directly hit Hans backwards into a small crevice of the room. It is with these trajectories, that they find croaking in the distant sound; but it is not the toad...

He's Alive! He's Alive!

Victoria raises Roy upright. and descends her brother back to the ground in succession to his erection in the sky. She notices that his vocal chords have become modulated, and no longer recognizable. While the experiment had proved to be a success in regenerating living matter, it takes away the tendons that are associated with having an identity or print in voice. This discovery could at least aid her down the line. The electricity electrocuted Hans and placed him in a concussive state. She feeds both Roy and Hans the toad slime. Hans noticeably bounces back to psycho-activity gradually.

FIRST PERSON: ROY VIEWING THE WORLD WITH BREATHING VISUALS.

(CONTINUED)

MARY

What have you done to him?

VICTORIA

Momma! Can't you see! I beat the Nazi's! I did what they could not do! I corrected their ship! I saved Roy!

JOSEPH

You've saved him, however you've changed him! You've injured your partner too!

VICTORIA

How is that?

JOSEPH

Now they both are unable to express anything new, they are contained to their motors. Now they are energies that contain consciousness without the available aptitudes that may make living extra dimensional!

VICTORIA

Dad! I did this to impress you! I did this to impress mother!

JOSEPH

You may have also done this to impress the ego that is God in your head. Do you truly believe that the world would be prepared to initiate or engage love to Roy now?

Victoria rests on these thoughts and it does not settle her very well. She is scared considering the repercussions that may come to her by messing up the slightest calculations by excluding the very emotions that mattered most in the experiment.

VICTORIA

Oh my God! I'm a monster! A terrible, terrible monster!

WIDE: HANS HAS A TELEKINETIC DAMAGE

HANS ( V.O. )

You are not a monster; You're an educated, wise, curious, strong, courteous woman. You have been exiled by the realm of science that

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

HANS ( V.O. ) (cont'd)  
should be embracing you with open  
arms. Whatever may come of this,  
we're here with you.

Roy begins to growl and snarl.

JOSEPH  
What he said. Let my son go.

Victoria is embarrassed by having let her relatives down in this scenario. She is terribly unknowing to that which is in store to her, but at this point, she does not care. She only cares to right the ship with those whom she loves, and humanity at large.

MARY  
The wind cries.

As Mary takes a look at her son she walks towards him, and kisses him on the top about his head. She lovingly assured him that he is every bit as handsome as the last time she had seen him.

I love you son.

It is at this moment that Aurel, Adalbert, and Mila, waltz through the entrance to see such a sight in leading their eyes.

AUREL  
It looks like you've been up to something superior in nature have you?

ADALBERT  
Roy? Is that you?

Roy and Adalbert begin to play around bump shoulders and hug.

Why did you lie to me Miss.  
Frankenstein?

VICTORIA  
Maybe because I was scared, or because I didn't think we'd actually be able to achieve such an outstanding venture, or even that we'd be able to create such an honest approach at science and be able to keep it to ourselves.

ADALBERT

I guess those sentiments are completely understandable. I can come to that conclusion. When, and only when you teach me and Roy sign language that is.

Victoria humbled by the request.

MILA

I guess you have your evidence that women are more crucial to this war than you could have ever imagined. Who amongst you gentleman could have ever expected that your precious arc could be written through the eight variables in this room. The frog, the toad, the scientist, the deceased brother, Hans, and the three Nazi personnel whom have lived to see the day.

AUREL

It is Hans' unrequited love that sent him to gander and be so courageous and brave to stand against that which was his ordained path! In that regard, he is most notably to be openly accepted as whom he is! An unappreciated blind; part-time lover! Who deserves help or assistance!

MILA

I could only stand for such an excuse when they accept that God is a woman. That would surely get Adolf's panties up in a bunch.

ADALBERT

Please do create a way to act as correspondents between me and my compatriot. Together we may be able to determine who killed Roy initially.

Roy points directly at Aurel.

AUREL

Well wouldn't you know? God is a man! He who makes the rules is a God I say, and my rules consist of.

(CONTINUED)

Mila pistol whips Aurel in the skull and he collapses to the ground, unknowing to the strike committed.

MILA

I have an idea as to how we can erect some particularly wild live art to the villagers.

CUT-TO

EXT. VILLAGE

Around twenty and thirty people are walking in the dark amidst the only drizzling rain. They pass a Aurel on a pole with his arms cuffed to posts like the crucifix. His legs are collapsed to the weight that is his body. Roy then with his hood on writes a sign that says. Here lies God, and places it around Aurel.

VICTORIA

Was the shaming truly necessary?

HANS (V.O.)

There hardly is a noble lie, but in this case I'd like to believe that it is to protect people.

MILA

I'd like to believe it is to inspire hope that women will be accepted for intellectual achievements Victoria.

ADALBERT

I'd like to believe that friendship is a menagerie that transcends the living and the dead.

JOSEPH

I'd like to believe that love while complicated is the bridge between black and white, and all colors that are the rainbow.

MARY

I'd like to believe that God is a divine order that is active to those whom deserve the help during times that are required, in the spirit that is known to be love.

Roy takes his cowl and places it on Aurel. It symbolizes Aurel's ego death on earth. He Prays with his energies that Aurel would live in servitude to better himself. If he doesn't he'll be reminded of the time he went from a civil servant to an unrecognizable monster.